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In Lyric Places

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In Lyric Places

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Abstract

The Sea, its odors softly drifting, Drifting on the quiet air, Up the duns and over, floating,
Floating down again till there...

open window briefly. She swung there slowly in the darkening view, cradling the child in one arm and laughing, then resting her head against her arm quietly. The picture drew back smaller and fainter as I drove away, and finally I could see only her dark figure against the truck's side in my mirror, and then only the steadily blinking tiny light. A gentle hill rose up behind and closed away the scene.

I turned off the radio and drove home silently.

— *Larry Syndergaard, Ag. Jr.*

In Lyric Places

The Sea, its odors softly drifting,
Drifting on the quiet air,
Up the dunes and over, floating,
Floating down again till there
Among green tangled dune-grass
I am found reclining, lying,
Lying 'neath a sky of brass,
As the Sun hangs lower — dying.
Of dying too the air here tells,
For scents of soft decay are sifting,
Sifting through the grass and swells
Of sand to tell me of the drifting,
Drifting wood, now come to rest upon
The strand, palm and teakwood, rotting,
Rotting. Seagulls drifting on
The air, black against the red horizon, crying,
Crying the approach of Evening.
— *Art Johnson, Sc. Jr.*